

BARRE DAILY TIMES

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1906.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

4,150

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

When a man can step out of his back door and shoot a deer, what's the use of going down into Maine?

As an epigrammatic effort, Mr. Hapgood's "Let 'em (women) vote as well as hang" promises to remain.

The hunting record in Vermont to date shows that something besides game has been shot, including several hunters.

In view of the fact that some public school teachers in Vermont are getting \$7 a week for their services, as recently disclosed, the demand of the state teachers' association for a minimum salary is not, perhaps, to be wondered at. Going on the assumption that schools have three terms of twelve weeks each, such teachers get the minimum sum of \$252 for their services. But however desirable it may be that the pay of the school teachers be raised, would the state of Vermont be justified in passing a law fixing the salary of the teachers as a standard for the towns?

EVIDENCES OF PROGRESS.

Through the bustling management of Philip J. Halvosa, the Vermont Union Signal, a paper devoted to unionism and published at Rutland, is going ahead vigorously. The increase of patronage necessitated enlarged quarters, and Editor Halvosa moved his establishment to a more commodious location in the Globe building on Merchants' row. This is gratifying evidence of the progress of The Union Signal since Editor Halvosa assumed charge a year ago. The paper is published by the Central Trades and Labor council of Rutland, and it is the only journal in the state exclusively given up to the interests of labor. With 10,000 members of unions in Vermont, there is a fine field for such a journal and abundant opportunity for the editor to take even greater strides.

BUCKET SHOPS IN VERMONT.

Vermont is after the bucket shops. If the Green mountain solons have been reading recent Massachusetts history, they will shun the society of suspicious characters till the die is cast.—Boston Herald.

Vermont did not need to read Massachusetts history to learn that the bucket shop is a blood-sucker, taking the life out of legitimate business; the history of their own state in recent years has been sufficient to tell Vermonters that the bucket-shop is one of the insidious evils of commercial life. We may have been influenced more or less by the deleterious effects shown in Massachusetts, but that alone is not responsible for the present agitation. The recent failures of stupendous concerns is a sufficient object lesson to cause the commonwealth to strive to protect those people who have not sense enough to protect themselves. Therefore, the legislation before the present general assembly. There ought to be little doubt about shunning "the society of suspicious characters," and the legislators, if they are wise, will adopt the measure presented by Mr. Jackson of Barre.

DEFEATS ITS PURPOSE.

The publishing of a hideously distorted picture of William Randolph Hearst in Harper's Weekly raises the question if the effort does not defeat its purpose. The intention evidently is to raise up Hughes at the expense of Hearst. Starting with that idea for a basis, the artist goes to work and under his skillful hand a loathsome and disgusting cartoon springs forth. Unmistakably labeled, either by word or by the facial likeness, the cartoon finds a place as the frontpiece of an admirable magazine, there to meet the glance of the reader as he opens the pages. But in spite of the cleverness of the artist there is something revolting in the effort, something which causes one to turn with a feeling of repugnance to the author of the picture and to the publisher of the magazine who permits its reproduction. The repugnance being of no avail, there unconsciously arises a feeling of sympathy for the one who is thus ridiculously caricatured. Sympathy may develop into half-allegiance and half-allegiance into outright support.

Golden Wedding Cigar

The Favorite Cigar of all Smokers of High-Grade goods.
ALL DEALERS.
A 10 Cent Cigar, but worth more money.

O. C. TAYLOR & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

Does not, then, the cartoon fail to that extent of its undoubted purpose? The question next becomes superfluous. Would not the candor of Hughes have remained more solidified had not the disgusting cartoon been published?

STRAY PICKINGS OF LOCAL INTEREST

"He wouldn't need a make-up to appear as a character in a play," remarked a Barre man as he watched a tottering, faltering old gentleman walk down the street the other day.
And certainly he didn't, for he was John Carter, the aged actor who played with Creston Clarke in "The Ragged Messenger" at the local theatre that same night. The old gentleman plays the part of an old man in the production and plays it to perfection, too. He is 85 years of age, and the greater part of the time has been spent on the stage. It is said of him that he was for fourteen years in the company of which Henry Irving was the star. On the street Mr. Carter looks like a Quaker, and most everyone stopped to look at him because of the personality which seems to surround him.

A hearty welcome to our old friend, the "town clock." One never realizes the worth of a thing until he is deprived of it. So during several weeks past we one and all have felt as if bereft of one of our best friends. How often as we hurry along the street we glance unconsciously toward the familiar face of the high-perched announcer of the flight of time! The hands tell us the moment of being "too late"; they quicken our feverish anxiety to be on time; they tell us—if the stomach does not—when to go to our mid-day and evening repasts; they give us solemn warning when sleep should have full sway. In short, they are the regulator of our life.
But like the human machine the "town clock" gets out of order and has to go to the specialists. Now, after a prolonged sojourn in the hospital, the "town clock" is back again, tolling out the passing of time. One of the chief actors is back and the play goes on as before.

Perhaps it is so common a sight that the window decorators thought autumn leaves would not be an attractive addition to their displays, why leaves were not used often this fall. But they did use them in one place at least which realized the possibility of a store window set up with the beautifully tinted foliage. The results were very satisfactory and the person who could pass without an appreciative glance was rare. With such means at hand, one would have thought that there would be a common use of the product of the forest.

Those two fierce rivals for athletic honors, Goddard and Montpelier semesters, were let loose on the football gridiron to practice mayhem on each other the other day. The spectators were looking to see the maimed and the bruised carried off the field in ambulance loads. There wasn't a serious injury noted, and that in spite of the advice of a lousy enthusiast in "Pulverize 'em Goddards!" that is, speaking literally. They came out of the game eleven separate and distinct units just as they went in. Instead of the eleven pieces being divided up into as many more atoms of anatomy, as pulverizing is supposed to mean. But when it came to pulverizing Montpelier on the score of football playing, Goddard did the thing to the king's taste. From the standpoint of football prestige, Montpelier was so pulverized that there wasn't even a grease spot left of their reputation. We rejoice greatly that this was possible without the necessity of reducing their bodies into separate and distinct pieces. It may be called a triumph for that noble game, football.

The merry-makers have carried the thing so far that it is getting to be a serious thing to get married in Barre. So solicitous are the friends to give a heavy sendoff that the happy couple are loath to announce their intention, preferring to leave that pleasant duty to the newspaper after the honeymoon departure. To give these friends the slip, the "contracting parties" have taken recourse to the automobile, that silent, swift vehicle of conveyance. Quite frequently the friends have been eluded in this way, but the other day a wedding party was caught at their own game. They secured a horse-wagon to carry them beyond the reach of the buriers of old shoes and the sprinklers of rice and confetti, but the friends went them one better, getting two machines. When the honeymoon started it was accompanied by the two outside autos, with the occupants of the latter tooting horns and vociferating at the top of their lungs to call attention to the fact, "We're just married." There was no doubt that the intelligence was amply conveyed along the streets traversed.



Sweetness in Our Baking.

Isn't too much or too little. Ask any first-class chef and he will say "it's perfect."

Baked Sweet Things.

Like our pies, cakes and tarts are covered by the children and praised by their elders. It's our business and we know how to mix as well as bake them. Buy some today and get some more to-morrow.

The City Bakery,

Bemis & Caron,
66 No. Main St. Tel 12-11 Barre, Vt.



Do you know the comfortable feeling of having a shoe that fits all over the foot?
Try our October last.

Agents in Barre for Walkover Shoes for men.

WE CLEAN, PRESS AND REPAIR CLOTHING.

ROGERS & CO.
147 Main Street, Barre, Vt.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

The Bachelor's Soliloquy.

To wed or not to wed;
That is the question—
Whether 'tis better
To remain single
And disappoint a few women
For a time
Or marry
And disappoint one woman
For life.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Warranted Suspicion.

"My wife was arrested yesterday."
"You surprise me. What was the trouble?"
"She got off a trolley car the right way, and a policeman thought she was a man in disguise."—Puck.

Sent Back.

Mr. Harduppe—I hope the flowers I sent you to wear at the ball came on time?
Miss Cutting—No, they didn't. They came C. O. D.—Woman's Home Companion.

Confectionery.

He was given a kiss
By the bakery maid.
Ah, the coy little miss!
He was given a kiss.
Though he'd asked her for this,
He was teased, I'm afraid.
He was given a kiss
By the bakery maid.
—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

Trustworthy.

Biggs—Do you consider Gansleigh a reliable man?
Diggs—Sure thing. When he tells you anything you can rely on its not being so.—Chicago News.

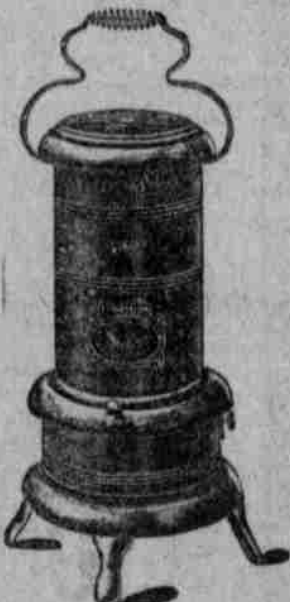
Explained.

"Miss Waspie says she wonders why she has to meet so many disagreeable people."
"That's easily explained," answered Miss Cayenne. "It's hard for anybody not to be disagreeable in Miss Waspie's company."—Washington Star.

WHAT TO HAVE FOR DINNER

Yes, and Also for Breakfast, Luncheon and Supper, a Cause of Great Anxiety to Housekeepers.
Don't you know that the household department of the Boston Daily Globe prints a bill of fare for every day in the week? From that bill you can select just what you want. It will save you hours of worry. Thousands of women say so, therefore, it is so.
Order the Boston Globe delivered regularly at your home.

A Movable OIL HEATER



A movable Oil Heater is just the thing when the heating of a room is desired in a very short time in which guests are to be entertained.
When a warm bed room or bath room is wanted upon short notice there is no carrying in of coal hods or carrying out of ashes, you simply light the stove and it is going and no waiting for the fire to get started.

All our heaters are equipped with a patent wick raising device which give an even flame all the time. They come in four sizes and range from \$3.50 to \$5.00.

C. W. Averill & Co.,

Tel. 439-3. 81 North Main St.

STORIES OF BARNUM.

The Elephant With Two Trunks—Experience With a Cat.

There is a characteristic story told of the origin of the partnership between Barnum and Bailey in the circus business. P. T. Barnum was the undoubted leader in his line of endeavor, but when Bailey, Hutchinson & Cooper plastered every fence with lithographs of "Gib, the only living elephant with two trunks," and in consequence crowded their tents with eager sightseers in every town the great showman felt that his pre-eminence was challenged.

"Dan," he said to his secretary, "did you ever see Gib?"

"No," said the secretary.

"Has he really got two trunks?" mused Mr. Barnum.

"Can't say for sure," said the secretary, "but they keep on saying so good and loud."

"Dan," said the showman, "we've got to have Gib."

He reached for a telegraph blank and scribbled the following dispatch to Bailey:

Will give you \$10,000 for Gib, the elephant with two trunks.

P. T. BARNUM.

In the very next town that he visited the veteran showman came face to face with his telegram accurately reproduced on his rivals' posters, starting at him wherever he went, and underneath it these words:

That's how much P. T. Barnum thinks of the famous Gib, the only elephant in the world with two trunks!

"Dan," said Mr. Barnum to his faithful secretary, "it's not the elephant we want. It's that man Bailey."

This naturally suggests Mr. Barnum's experience with the famous cherry colored cat which a visitor offered to sell him.

"A cherry colored cat would certainly be an attraction," said Mr. Barnum, "and if you really have one I'll give you \$100 for her."

In due course the man returned with a fine cat. "Why, that's not a cherry colored cat!" exclaimed Mr. Barnum. "She's black as a coal hole."

"Haven't you ever seen black cherries?" plaintively queried the owner of the cat.

It is said that Mr. Barnum paid him \$100, according to promise. But if he did it is reasonably certain that he managed to get several hundred dollars' worth of advertising out of the incident.—Woman's Home Companion.

Then the Innocent Died!



Broncho Bill—No, sir, he ain't much ter look at, but that dawg's the most marvelous tracker in the world. He's traced twenty bank robbers, ten horse thieves and thirty road agents.

The Innocent—And to what, my friend, do you attribute this wonderful ability?

Broncho Bill—Well, you see, sir, when he wor a pup he used ter swallow tracing paper reg'lar, so you see—Punch.

No Need to Worry.
Ethel—Why don't you marry him?
Edith—We could never get along to-gether.

Ethel—Well, you wouldn't have to. He is rich enough to live at his club.—New York Press.

The Wrong Answer.

"Aye, lady, fain," the lover sighs, "I prittle answer with thine eyes."
"Dye speak not always 'ayes,'" said Rose.
"And here's one case where eyes speak 'noes.'"
—Catholic Standard and Times.

Things Worth Remembering

We have a large and up-to-date assortment.

Our line is Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, and Wall Papers Exclusively.

We make a specialty of high grade goods, something out of the ordinary. Our goods are sold at the lowest price consistent with high grade goods.

It will pay you to investigate.

WELLS & BOYLES,

24 STATE STREET, MONTPELIER.

CANDY

The only place in the city where you can get PURE and fresh made Candies daily.

The Barre Candy Kitchen

Dressing Sacks—AND—Kimonos

Introducing new goods at low prices is nothing new, but the introduction of Kimonos and Dressing Sacks at



prices that bring such values as we are offering is decidedly foreign to everyday business methods.

We don't buy these goods at special prices, neither are they left overs from previous seasons, but instead these prices are the result of the generous means adopted by this store to give at all times the best values possible.

This is the way the values run:

75c Short Kimonos,	50c	\$1.25 Long Kimonos,	98c
98c " "	75c	1.50 " "	\$1.25
\$1.19 " "	89c	1.75 " "	1.50
1.25 " "	98c	2.00 " "	1.75
1.50 " "	\$1.25	2.25 " "	1.98

See them displayed in window.

The Vaughan Store

The Nearest Friend You Have Is Your Hosiery and Underwear.

How about a change in Underwear? It's about time to get a warmer kind on than you have been wearing, and if you need new you can't find better than the Forest Mills. That's why we sell it and that's why you should buy it. The buying and wearing will prove it.

Vests, Pants and Union Suits.

Ladies' and Children's sizes.

Cotton, wool, cotton and wool, silk and wool and silk.

The Perley & Pope Co.

P. E. POPE, Manager, Montpelier, Vt.

Syrup of White Pine and Red Spruce



The Cough Cure FOR A QUARTER

No Cure, No Pay.

Pleasant to take. Children like it.

D. F. DAVIS, "The Druggist,"

262 North Main St., Barre, Vermont

An Advertisement in the Times will bring sure results.

For Toilet Use:

Fine Sponges—Silky Sponges for babies, soft sponges for tender faces, large sponges for the bath—a full stock of strong fiber, well-shaped sponges—5c to \$1.

Fresh Chamois Skins—Fine, fresh, soft skins—all carefully selected—no poorly cut pieces—economically priced, 10c to 95c.

E. A. DROWN,

Prescription Druggist,
48 No. Main St., Opp. Nat'l Bank.